

McNeil

## THE CRUST

A Literary Bread-Pudding, with Raisins

Published at Bread Loaf every now and then. Editor: Cy;  
Assistant Editor, Herby. Contributions solicited. Rejection  
is no criticism of quality. July 21, 1931

### MANIFESTO

#### OF A NEW SHHOOOL

#### OF BREAD LOAF DADAISM

The original dadaists maintained that it was merely conventional to confine the artist's materials to pigments; and they therefore used, not only paint, but glue, human and animal hair, bits of paper, cigarette butts, tinfoil, and everything else lying about or picked up in the gutter.

Mr. Burgess Johnson has devised a form of dadaism appropriate to Bread Loaf. He works in sculpture and bas-relief, utilizing materials found in the woods and fields. He has already produced several masterpieces, some of which he has permitted us to exhibit.

He urges all good Bread Loafers to express themselves in twigs, fungi, mosses, bones and roots. His idea is that even a grown person, who has been contaminated and demoralized by education (as Mr. Lee Simonson explained the other night), can achieve artistic self-expression easily in this new medium.

We will welcome the works of our students and will gladly exhibit them.

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#### JABBERWOCKY a la MIDDLEBURY

(with the accent on the Jabber)

'Twa Bread Loaf, and the Harringtons  
Did Flint and Farrer in Ferrero  
All Eaton were the Davidsons,  
And Sharon Browned Pattee.

Beware the Widdomer, my sone  
The Buck in Snow, the Wolfe that Noales;  
Beware the Partridge Boyd, and shun  
The Mirrioleos and Deals.

He took his Yeomans sword in hand:  
Long time the Dyer foe he sought.  
So bottered he by the Woodward tree,  
And Cy'd awhile in thought.

And as in Moody thought he stood,  
The Widdomer with eyes of flame,  
Came Lashing through the Hoaphy wood,  
And Phniimney'd as it came.

Nye two, Nye Two, and through and through,  
His Yeomans blade went snickersnack.  
He left it dead and with its head,  
He Walkered Swiftly back.

And hast thou Wintsched the Widdomer?  
Come to my Rufo, my Bonnie boy!  
O'Meara day! Oh Dot! Oh Gay!  
He Call'd in Nevons (Joy).



'Twas Bread Loaf, and the Harringtons  
Did Flint and Farrer in Ferree  
All Eaton were the Davidsons,  
And Sharon Browmed Pattee.

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# LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Burges Johnson has an article, "The Newspaper's Lost Leadership," in the July North American Review.

Walter Brichard Eaton is well represented by two articles in the New York Sunday Tribune of July 12. The first is a review of Alvin Harlowe's The Bowery, the Bowery. It is interesting to discover from a perusal of the review that Mr. Eaton is evidently as enthusiastic about urban existence as he is over the bucolic atmosphere of Bread Loaf. The second article is entitled, "There's Life in the Old Road yet." In it Mr. Eaton effectively destroys the common conception of the Road as a financially dubious proposition for Theatrical producers.

.. .. .

Isadore Elizabeth Flanders, who attended the School last summer, has presented to the Library a copy of The Red upon the Hill, her book of poems. We have room to quote only a cinquain "Prescience:"

The Hag,  
Yesterday, leers  
As she ties her swollen  
Bundle; then knowingly winks at  
Today.

.. .. .

One of the finest pieces of journalism we have seen in many a day is The Flower, a mimeographed magazine of two pages, issued monthly by Mary C. Stevens, 2934 Macomb St. N.W., Washington D.C. Mrs. Stevens who attended the School in 1929, has been an invalid ever since, and The Flower is sent to other shut-ins,--at present, 135 of them! The terms of the subscription are "merely an understanding heart." It would be hard to conceive of a magazine more welcome to its subscribers or more likely to give the editor a feeling that she is making other people happy. We wish her every success. We do not need to wish her happiness, for she has it.

.. .. .

The Rocky Mountain Writer's Conference held at Boulder, under the auspices of the University of Colorado announces as one of its purposes to "help you in both writing game and the publishing game." We at Bread Loaf know that writing is no "game", whatever publishing may be. Among the lecturers are Robert Frost, Zona Gale, Henry Goddard Loach, and Frank Luther Mott.

Mr. Larsen, the lone hiker, who attracted so much attention at the Inn because of his striking appearance, reminded one of other great hikers, who were also philosophers of sorts. Perhaps the most interesting was "Walking Stewart," about whom De Quincey wrote a memorable essay. Like Mr. Larsen, Stewart tramped over most of the habitable globe. Shallow people pronounced him mad, but De Quincey declared him a genius,--"a man without talents, but a genius." He wrote several books which had fantastic titles and which were written in a curious style. Mr. Larsen told of another English philosopher-pedestrian, named Turner, who walks the trails of the world today with a pet parrot perched on his shoulder.

.. .. .

We note that one of the winners of the Guggenheim Fellowships has "gone abroad to write a biography of Sitting Bull." Dr. Wright suggests that he has no doubt gone to Spain.

.. .. .

A prospectus has been issued of the American Literary Review. It is to be semi-monthly, devoted to the reviewing of books. The projectors are John Bakeless, Harry Lorin Binsso, and Marvin McCord Lewis, all formerly or at present connected with the Living Age. The distinctive features of the new review are given as follows:



1. It will cover substantially all books published in the United States.
2. It will place special emphasis upon the entire field of non-fiction.
3. It will pay 4-5¢ a word for reviews.
4. It will contain no advertising and will not be subsidized.
5. Its reviews will be unsigned.
6. Its reviewers will be chosen for their ability, and without regard to their political affiliations, literary opinions, or aesthetic theories.

The anonymity of all reviewers is perhaps the most important feature. The success of ~~REVIEWERS~~ English and Continental Reviews conducted anonymously encourages the projectors to believe that such publication will prosper in the United States.

\* \* \* \*

#### Prize Contest Award

We hereby award to Horvey Allen, two milky ways for the best limerick submitted. (He may have a packet of cigarettes, if he prefers.)

Poor Ellen once said to the pine,  
 "Dont you think that my form is divine?"  
 Said the pine in reply;  
 "Ido--this is why,--  
 $x^2 - 2y = 9.$ "

We have space for only two others:

There once was a college, spectacular,  
 Whose students, in class, were oracular.  
 Tis Broad Loaf I mean,  
 Yet outside it was seen  
 They always conversed in vernacular.

There was a Gay doggie named Judy  
 With a temperament frisky and moody:  
 She can, sans saxophone,  
 Fill the air with a moan  
 That dials out even dear Rudy.

\*\* \*\*

#### PARAGRAPHS AND POEMS FROM THE WRITING COURSES

The color of roads varies with the soil through which they pass-- warm browns and purples where loam is rich and mellowed, mauve in the gumbo soil of an old marsh or river bed, yellow deepening to orange where the road climbs to a clay hill top, red with rust of iron, color of tow in a sand draw. Shades go from bright to dull with changing moisture. This soil tone is the base on which the lights of dawn and mid-day, sunset and dusk, lay their colors--rosebeds, purples, yellows, grays, Shadows too, sometimes dark and steady, sometimes light and dappled, tint the road with reflected colors, and complements of colors. Then there is the light and dark of frost work. On some October morning the road is a dark line across a frost-white meadow. But the next morning the ground may be white from frost so low-lying that it has not touched the grass-tops. This scene is like a negative of the picture the day before---Edith Neale.

. . . . .

The saints and I have roamed Sewanee hills  
 And hymned each sunset, prayed in every glen.  
 I sometimes meet the barefott Francis men,  
 Their brown robes trailing through the shallow rills,  
 Their lifted eyes aglow. Above the mill's  
 Click-clacking drone I hear their songs, and when  
 I penetrate some distant, twilight fen,  
 I meet St. Werburghs goose among the squills.  
 St. Agnes' lambs are capering the sky  
 Above the Garner's orchard of peach bloom  
 And from the dimly-vaulted forest tomb  
 St Giles and his tame deer go rushing by  
 And often in the cloistered garth below  
 Good brother Lawrence kneels on moonlight snow.



These woods are about me. Why explain them? This woodcock--must I argue its purpose? That graceful startled deer, here an instant and gone, but his image caught on my retina--must I return to the Inn with his photograph in his hand? Why care whether or not others believe me?

It's stupid of me to be walking along this road others have made. I can do that every day of my life. Then into the woods with me! Tiny white flowers with pink-striped petals. I wonder if you'll wilt before I get back if I put you in my pocket! This pure white stone I picked up on that road must weigh ten pounds; yet I carry it along. What can I want with them? A professor to tell me their scientific names

I have walked the full length of an aged fallen tree, its great body encircled with silencing moss. Will the big prints of my shoes make it as a runway for the light-footed furry wild creatures?

The conceit of us humans who say, "What's the matter, little chipmunk? What are you thinking about?" Why invest all living creatures with our own cumbersome processes? Why, for instance, must we be forever bothering to prove what is to the rest of the world?

The more content to die shall I be when I have caressed the soft smooth warmth of adoor's dear nose! ---- Dorothy Rufo.

. . . . .

The two small notes of the chickadee  
Complete a plaintive melody.  
Why should our pleasure be so strong  
Listening to such a little song?

So economical are we,  
So much we love simplicity,  
Two brief, enduring notes can please  
More certainly than symphonies.

Louisa Butler

R I B A L D R Y M E S  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \*

A SONNET FROM THE MALTESE

Why they prefer that filthy-smelling dog  
Is more than I in reason can conceive,  
Though it concerns me little that they leave  
My subtler charm to follow him agog.  
It must be that in learned minds the fog  
Of dew commingling with the scent of skunk  
Hath power of Lothe waters deeply drunk  
To drown the senses in a hopeless fog.

But I who sit thus calmly in the sun  
And wash with languid paw my velvet paw fur  
Survey with scorn those fools I live among,  
For what know they of deeds that I have done,  
Chasing awhile ago that hateful cur?  
It matters not; I will stick out my tongue.

Greta Lash

\* \*\*\* \*  
- - -  
\*  
NIGHT

The night comes  
with rainy big eyes  
It sits blubbering  
over Ripton and Bread Loaf  
like a big boob  
and blows its nose.



Boob Ballads

FRIENDSHIP

A man and a girl took a walk one day,  
And the month of course was merry May  
But I stayed at home and watched them go,  
With a heart that was dull, and aspirit low.

The man was my friend, and my roommate too,  
And many a scrape he had seen me through.  
Now why did he have to blight my life  
By taking a walk with my future wife?

"Your future wife?" I hear you say,  
"You mean the girl was your fiancée?"  
"Well not, I answer, "exactly that,  
But nevertheless she was leaving me flat.  
her

My roommate's spouse as a matter of fact,  
But still he ought to have used more tact.  
We're going to be married ---I mean of course  
As soon as she's able to get her divorce."

!!!!!!!  
\* \* \*

SPITOONIAS

Spitoonias,  
False blue,  
True blue,  
Color of spitoons,  
Your upraised loud speaker horns  
Are everywhere in this my New Eng land.  
Among your droopy leaves  
(Like a bonnet feather caught in the rain,  
Or a limp dish rag)  
Is pig weed,  
Adn chick weed,  
And cigarette butts,  
And burnt matches,  
And arusty buckle off Dad's old suspendors.  
You flaunt your passionate purple  
Along the path where Ma hauls the washing  
Out to the line;  
And flapperty-flap, flapperty-flap,  
Go the family unmentionables in the wind,  
And Ma falls dreaming of trousseaux--  
Lace!  
Queen Anne's lace!  
Nodding from the run-out hay field  
At the purple spitoonias.  
The dog has dug a hole in one end of the bed;  
The wind blows a section of the Boston Sunday Post  
Among the plants.  
There is lies  
(as usual).  
Spitoonias,  
False blue,  
True blue,  
Color of spitoons.  
Am I a New Englander?  
I'll tell the world!

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## THE CRUST

### A LITERARY BREAD PUDDING WITH RAISINS

Published at Bread Loaf every so often. Contributions solicited. Non-publication is no reflection upon quality.  
Editor: Cy Seymour; Assistant Editor; Herby Nichol.

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#### EDITORIAL

##### LOOKING AT BREAD LOAF WITH CAL COOLIDGE

Cal says....

Education is a pretty good thing. A good many people are educated and more are trying to be all the time. Education in English is a pretty good thing especially, because a good many people use English pretty often to communicate with their fellows with. The more people communicate with their fellows, the more goods will be sold. The trouble is now not enough people are asking other people to sell them something. Vermont is a very fine State to study English in. The people of Vermont speak English when they speak at all, making very fine maple syrup, and are very simple, reasonably honest and Protestant. Bread Loaf is in Vermont. It is a very fine school of English. Its continued success will mean greater communication between Americans, and a 20% increase in the sale of textbooks, especially those written by the instructors.

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#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Professor Pattee is hard at work upon a study of early 19th century American Literature,---a continuation of the survey of which American Literature since 1870 and Modern American Literature, already published, form a part.

... . . . .

Padraic Colum writes from Paris that he is very sorry not to be with us this summer. He expresses his pleasure in his visit last summer and "hopes we will let him come again."

... . . . .

Ada Borden Stevens, who has attended the Writer's Conference from its beginning, is assistant editor of L'Aouette: A Magazine of Verse. A copy can be seen in the Library. She has also published Days Royal, a sequence of triolets about old New England, and New England Coast, a volume of poems; and is co-author of a very interesting little book of poems in old French forms. Mrs. Stevens gives a writing course at the Swanhurst School of Arts at Newport, R.I.

... . . . .

Frances Ogilvie (School and Writers Conference, 1930) is the author of Green Bondage (Farrar and Rhinehart), a novel of the tobacco-fields of Kentucky. It is a tragic story of considerable power, a fine novel.

... . . . .



A new writer conference has been opened at the University of Montana. John Mason Brown, Struthers Burt, Frank Ernest Hill, Frank Bird Linderman, and H.G. Merriam form the staff. Professor Merriam, head of the Conference, is editor of the Frontier, an extremely interesting magazine of western prose and poetry.

....

The English conference at Pennsylvania State College has been given up this summer.

....

Charles Malam (Middlebury graduate, Rhodes Scholar, Bread Loaf M.A.) has published two novels almost simultaneously, in England and America. Slow Smoke, a father-and-son story with a Vermont background, contains a remarkable portrait of a country clergyman. There is no doubt that Charlie has a fine future as a novelist. His other novel, The City Keep, we have not seen.

....

Ruth Angel (Bread Loaf 1929) is sponsor of a magazine of verse, Ponca Poets, consisting of poems and reviews written by school children of Oklahoma. Her state is experiencing a stirring of artistic interest and already has reason to be proud of its painters, musicians, and poets, as well as its flyers.

....

A letter from Philip Wheelwright tells us that he is sailing for France to attend a symposium of authors. He sends his regards to all Bread Loafers who knew him last year.

....

Theodore Morrison has an essay, "A Defence of Youth?" in the June Atlantic, and reviews in the Bookman. His long narrative poem, The Serpent in the Cloud (Houghton Mifflin)\* was recently published. It is a novel in verse of contemporary life, "A masterpiece of narrative poetry," says Robert Hillyer. We quote the closing lines of Part V:

"He climbed  
To the lighted room where the watchers by the bed  
Stood looking at his mother's island life  
On which the last sea, hastening from the deep  
To take them unawares, had cast itself  
And swept the final sands beneath the tide."

....

Burges Johnson has just published his New Rhyming Dictionary and Poets' Handbook (Harper). He says that Carolyn Wells wrote that it was "rotten." But later, one of his interviewers told him (Confidentially) that Carolyn Wells was "all wet."

....

Anthony Adverse, by Herve Allen, a novel in the form of a trilogy, will be published this autumn by Farrar and Rhinehart, New York.

This book, upon which Mr. Allen has been at work for several years past, covers the period of the last quarter of the 18th century and first of the 19th century. The narrative, which begins in France, shifts rapidly to Leghorn, Havana, Africa,---back to Europe, The United States, and Mexico.

In this trilogy, Mr. Allen has completely disregarded the epigrammatic novel with its neat psychological theory, a short story plot, and "Western Union style." The entire story of a man's life from conception to death is told objectively with a complete recall of detail in both physical and spiritual relations. The principal theme of the story is the struggle of the hero to reconcile his own nature with the world through religion. Despite this, the book is decidedly not mystical. Its rapid narrative digs deeply about the roots of the modern era and deals with some of the arch-types of Occidental character, both civilized and savage.



"In the same sense in which Henry Adams used the word the author might have called this book The Education of Anthony Adverse---white, citizen of the western hemisphere, and subject of God."

One of the longest novels ever published in America, Anthony Adverse will probably be available either as a trilogy or in single-volume format. Exact details of publication are not yet announced by the publishers.

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#### OPEN WINTER

Bleak as split granite the fall plowing lies,  
Barren and dead the frozen stalks of grass  
Along the fence where the farm buildings rise  
In huddled mass.

Gaunt on the night, the woods beyond the yard  
Push their cold shadows slowly up the road  
As harsh as broken metal and as hard  
As iron lode.

And like a failing breath, a single thread  
Of misty smoke climbs motionless and still  
From the low roof. There is no whisper sped  
By house or hill.

It is a clear moon, Every star is white.  
The black earth crackles under biting frost.  
Oh! Send us soon one long snow-muffled night  
Or we are lost.

Earth and Man's habitation, both are dumb.  
The creeping frost is everywhere, and deep.  
Send us the snow before all senses numb  
Too near to sleep!

Life's strength wears thin from grappling with an earth  
Marked hard and clear and dulled of all that gleams,  
Too proud for tears, too literal for mirth,  
Too stark for dreams.

Charles Malam, in  
The New Republic July 1, 1931

#### !!! Prize Contest !!!

1. We hereby offer a prize of two milky ways for the best humorous triolet or best limerick, about Bread Loaf.
2. We offer a prize of one packet of Luckies (or other cigarette of the same social status) for the best epigram, in verse or about Bread Loaf.



Random Thoughts Induced by the Late  
Weather

1.

The bees dont seem to mind the heat,  
They fly about and buzz.  
They do not bathe, yet they look neat:  
Would that a bee I wuz.

2.

I wished to lave me in the brook--  
'Twas hot in every other nook.  
But I was told I hadn't ought-er---  
The brook supplies our drinking water.

3.

When the days are cold or better,  
Wear a sweater.  
When the days are worse and hotter,  
Wear a blotter.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

POLYHEDRON AT TWILIGHT

(deicated to all poetry classes)

A rug of daisies reaching east and west--  
Low hills against the sky, like green settees--  
White clouds that leak their feathers in the breeze--  
How mauve it is! Wont some one let me rest?

Beyond the road is twittering of birds--  
Damned road that holds my weary soul in check;  
Or is it Hervey has me by the neck?  
I cannot see. The air is full of words.

A blossom beckons till my bosom melts;  
'Tis salpaglossis there against thatwall--  
'Twas this that Arethusa used to call  
To us in Thebes--or was it somewhere else?

The urge is on me--bring magenta ink--  
For hark! a lark is barking up the street--  
I feel a curlew curling round my feet--  
I fain would think--God, how I fain would think!

\* \* \* \* \*

CONVERSATION ABOUT HEAVEN AND Hell

The Eighteen-Year-Old Boy was shaving, and the Seventeen-Year-Old Boy was looking over his shoulder into the mirror. "You know, Beaven, sometimes I think you look just like an angel-- your eyes--" the Eighteen-Year-Old Boy said, smiling, "-- a fallen angel." And then mischievously,

"Angel Beaven  
Fell from heaven.  
Rah,rah,rah."

"Well, you're a devil," returned the Seventeen-Year\*Old Boy. "You dont make me mad calling me an angel. Seeing I'm not one, I'd like to be called an angel."

"That's just the difference between and angel and a devil," the Eighteen\*year-Old boy said, half joking, half serious. "If an an wants to do harm to someone, he does something his victims will dislike. But your devil contrives to please his victim. The devil has his will, and no one's wiser." He paused and took several long scrapes at his face with the razor. Then he smiled into the mirror. "And if that's the case, who shall say which is the angel and which the devil?"



continued--

The Seventeen-Year-Old Boy was thoughtful. "Perhaps they're both devils."

A couple more scrapes; and the Eighteen-Year-Old Boy said, indifferently, as if to put an end to the talk, "---or both angel." He felt that the conversation was too serious. "Well, anyway, I still say you look like a fallen angel."

"---and you like a devil," laughed the Seventeen\*Year-Old Boy.

The Eighteen-Year-Old-Boy smiled: "You know what Blake says, dont you? That the devil is the other face of God."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AFTERWARD

You will remember meadows smooth as moths,  
With wilted flowers that you passed a day  
When mowers had been out and left the swaths  
All tossed one way, all regular with skilful speed,  
Dried out and only fit for making hay.  
But that's not it. Your flower's by the wall,  
A place they overlooked but you found out,  
And now that flower's tall-- you let it stay---  
Through various weathers it has bloomed to seed.  
Let the sure workers keep their garnered hay;  
Dont ask them what their harvest was about.  
Only ripe seeds send ~~their~~ flowers into time.

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*The Crust*

VOL. I

NO. 3

THE CRUST

A LITERARY BREAD \* PUDDING  
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Published now and then. Contributions solicited. Re-  
jection is no criticism of quality. Editor: Cy Asst.  
Editor, Herby, Howdedo?



Bread Loaf, Vermont

August 13, '31



BULLETIN OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY  
July 2031

Contrary to general belief, the Vermont Desert is not an ancient phenomenon, but belongs to recent times. In fact, it was entirely brought about by human agency, a century or more ago. The so-called Green Mountains were at that time clothed in heavy forest of spruce, birch and fir, and were indeed green. This forest caught the moisture from the clouds and caused frequent rains. But shortly after the beginning of the 20th century (when our readers may recall, the automobile and aeroplane were invented by a man named Fordson) a strange impulse suddenly hit the inhabitants of Vermont, to go out into the woods and pull up young trees. The origins of this impulse are shrouded in mystery, but certain contemporary records seem to indicate that it began in a sort of educational institution in the mountains, dedicated to the study of language, and it is supposed to have been in some way connected with a religious ceremony, the roots of the young trees being dried and worshipped as symbols as the roots of words. A few of these strange little gods have been found. Additional weight is given to this theory by the fact that the leader of the tree-pulling cult appears to have been a man named Johnson, a descendant of the great Lexicographer.

At any rate, the result was disastrous. As the old trees died, there were none to succeed them. The mountains became bare and brown, the rain no longer was precipitated, and Vermont became a strange though at times beautiful desert in the heart of New England. The scattered inhabitants of the region make a potent beverage from the distilled leaves of the sage-bush, and live by selling it across Lake Champlain in the Adirondacks.----W.P.E.

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Editorial  
(Contributed)

Let no one think that entertainment is the sole purpose of The Crust. By means of this diverting sheet we add to the other advantages of the Broad Loaf School of English a course in the art of receiving rejection-slips.

We have all experienced a ghastly sinking in the stomach on the arrival of the postman. For weeks we have watched for his coming, fearing to receive back the cherished manuscript and hoping, when it appears, to conceal it from the members of an interested family. Vain hope! Here it is! Its bulky form and many stamps reveal to the assembled household that again we have been turned down.

It is to spare such humiliating moments that the rejections of the Crust are planned; and the observance of the following rules provides excellent training.

1. Do not look up and appear interested as the distributor of the Crust marches down the dining room. Eat your soup.

2. When the Crust is laid before you, show no excitement and let a reasonable excitement period of time elapse before you examine the contents.

3. Turn the pages slowly. Laugh at the jokes. Make humorous comments to your table companions.

4. Above all, when the last page has been read and foreboding changed to certainty, lay down the Crust with a sigh of satisfaction, exclaiming: "Great! Better than the last issue!"

Observance of these rules will, with patience, pardon the most sensitive soul to a philosophical reception of rejection slips.

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LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES

There are no literary notes. There is no literary news.



## RAISINS AND HOME BREW

1. Bread Loaf  
Dialogue

A. - Oh, what are you doing with your weekend?

B. - I'm thinking with it.

## 2. Mossy Susan

Susan was a mossy lass  
She three torn papers on the grass  
Sad is the ending of her story:  
She burning brush in purgatory.

3. Pome Inspired by a  
Bread Loaf Shore Dinnor

The sardine are a chummy fish  
What never is alone,  
But sits around with all the boys  
In small, flat cans at home.

The sardine are a funny fish,  
No bones or head have he.  
I wonder what the sardine thinks  
When contemplating me?

4. Poohh!

Gadzooks! Why should all of this stir be  
In running down rhymes for our Horby?  
Why, ryming his name  
Is an infantile game!  
As easy as winning the Derby!

5.  
A Doleful new Ballad  
(To the tune of the Long Trail)

There's a long long trail a winding  
Through these beau-ti-ful scenes,  
And I really cant walk faster  
'Cause I et all them beans.  
There's a long long night of to sing,  
While the porcupines now;  
And I' hope you'll not turn over  
Till I feel like turning too.

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\* \* \* \* \*  
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\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

"I learned about women from her"\*



Below a tree loaded with cherries Mr. and Mrs. Robin presented a scene of domesticity. Mr. Robin's vest shone in the dawn which was just beginning to break. Youth was expressed in the quickness of his movements as he chirruped to his wife about the lusciousness of the fruit he had found. He chatted happily, with a freedom from care which he strove to impart to the wife of his youth. He said plainly that the tree was a discovery--a bouquet of roses-- with the thing he had dreamed of all winter down in Virginia. He pointed out that they didnot have to fight competition, and that here was richness. Life beckoned this morning. They wouldcome back each year to this tree and remember this fragrance during the winter. He recommended taking the goodof life where it could be found.

But Mr. Robin was not allowed to do this. His wife felt that Life was to be worried about. They had responsibilities to meet. They must not forget the children. She was all tired out taking care of them, and her merves jangled constantly. In fact, she had no strength to fly up to the tree and pick cherries herself. But she could eat heartily of all that Mr. Robin brought down. She said that she had ruined her figure in bringing up the children. And yet she felt she must eat heartily in order to have strength to care for them properly.







## TALES OF A HIGH SCHOOLTEACHER

Discipline

"Self-Control"  
In study hall:  
the letters stalk  
across the wall.--

Someone still clings  
to the idea  
that slogans  
are a panacea.

## MISS JAY

One thing about  
Miss Jay that's nice is  
her way of thinking  
up devices.

She even tries  
in public school  
to make her room  
look beautiful.

The way picture  
hugs the wall  
affects, she says,  
the class morale;

and rows of  
apathetic faces  
respond to flowers  
in yellow vases.



## ANGELINA KANTROVITZ

Docile before my desk  
there sits  
young Angelina  
Kantrovitz,

and bends her mind  
with mute compliance  
to read the words  
in Self-Reliance,

her heart still loyal  
to the spell  
of Tidal Wave  
by Ethel Dell.

## RXTRA-CURRICULAR

The high-school seniors  
held a dance,  
where pedagogues  
played at romance.

The children stared  
to see Miss Shumann  
approaching attitudes  
quite human,

and marveled that  
she could reveal  
unpedagogic  
sex appeal.

## BOB

(Whose case illustrates  
the transfer of training)

Edison's teachers  
never knew  
that Edison had  
a high I.Q.

They quite deplored  
his cerebration, -  
and Bob in slavish  
imitation

is waiting till  
his sixteenth year  
to let his high  
I.Q. appear.

## VERONICA

Veronica sits in the very first row;  
she knows what a pupil's expected to know;  
her teacher is safe in the role of inquisitor;-  
Veronica always impresses a visitor.



THE BELL (A Mystery Story)  
(Characters and adjectives supplied by the Creative Writing Class,  
blindly)

Night brooded over Bread Loaf. A convincing moon shed its luxurious rays over the excruciating lawns and inevitable gardens, but failed to mitigate the marvelous darkness, that shrouded the startling porches of the ghastly Inn. At first no signs of life were evident, but from time to time the subdued sound of slippery voices indicated that some of the glorious chairs were occupied.

Suddenly in the dim light of the elementary front doorway a trivial figure was revealed. It was none other than Miss Ferris, clad in a stunning ulster and dainty slippers and carrying one of the Inn's beautiful kerosene lamps. Another dimly outlined figure approached, clad also in weird garments, and revealed itself as Boz.

"Hist!" whispered Miss Ferris. "Have you heard anything?"

"Not an exotic sound", was the reply.

"Have you completed your grim rounds?"

"All the way from the gory Annex to the drawing cabin" muttered Boz.

"Strange", whispered Miss Ferris, leaning her supererogatory form in swanky exhaustion against a post. "This is the third night since Horby's piffling disappearance, and many are convinced that the facetious boy has met some tragic and ashen end."

"But the piffling bell", urged Boz; "how do you account for that grotesque bell? Surely its ringing in the night cannot mean a revisitation by his gaunt ghost, and that he is pitifully trying to guide us to his entrancing body? Oh I could not bear it," he continued, half-hysterically.

"Be brave", pleaded Miss Ferris. That is why we are here. The crass management has shown its stupid confidence in our precrastinating abilities by selecting us to solve this rueful mystery."

Just at that moment the dank silence was shattered by a cute sound. Pastey shrieks echoed it, as late watchers heard the distant sound of a bell, coming nearer and nearer. "O it is, it is!" cried one darling voice, unmistakably that of the invisible Miss Curtis. "I know it is the ridiculous ghost of Horby."

The heterogeneous slouths deathly pale but true to their panic-stricken task, sprang forward, "head it off" cried Miss Ferris in an unbrageous voice, "it must be passing scintillating Treman." Together they hurried stealthily towards the sound, while clustered around the Inn entrance a gorgeous throng clad in melancholy attire, waited with nerves strained to the breaking point. Suddenly a pigmy cry rent the silence, then footsteps were heard approaching, and the quaint form of none other than Cy, clad in soul-shattering pajamas, with the Inn bell in his hand.

"Hush!" whispered Miss Ferris in meticulous accents, "Do not waken her! Half of our rancorous mystery is now explained."

Suddenly Cy opened his exquisite but unseeing eyes. "Oh" he moaned, "I cannot finish my irrational paper, my paper on Poe's poems for the lucious Horvey Allen.. Let me go, let me go! I must tintinabulate!"

"You see," explained Boz in poignant whispers, "he is asleep, but very near an obstreperous breakdown. If we waken him it might mean the total destruction of his surreptitious brain." And tenderly they placed him in the swell care of the diabolical Miss Nevens.

"Now" said the two strange leaders, turning again to the terror-stricken group, half of the enormous mystery is solved. But where is Horby?"

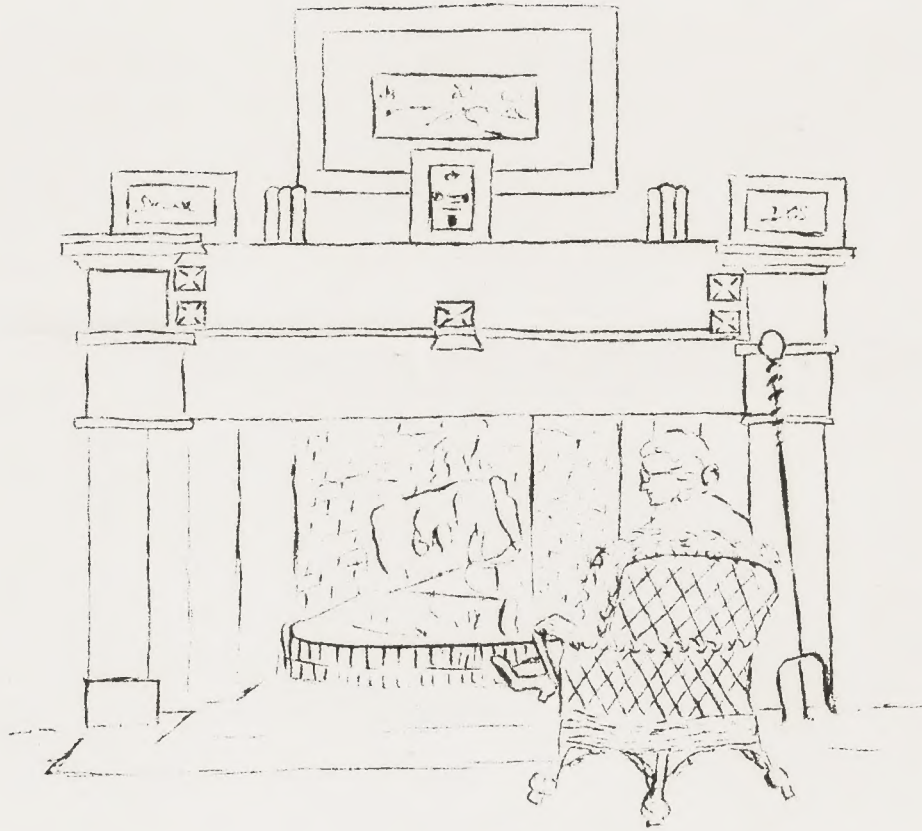
"Do you think that the pig-headed Red made away with him because the bell annoyed him?" suggested the notorious voice of Edith Mirrielees. "No" cried another, but it might have been Miss Dyer in a fit of her idiotic temper."

Suddenly the fantastic voice of the infamous Swifty dominated all others. "I have a swell clue" he cried. "Horby has been gone three days; has the elegant coincidence occurred to no one that the amazing bathroom on the second floor of conceited Bloomfield has been locked for three days?"

"No heinous clue is negligible" muttered Miss Ferris sapiently, and at once the entire agonizing group proceeded with one impulse up the stairs of Bloomfield annex. "Bring lights" cried one; "Crash the glorious door" cried another, "Stand back" came the miraculous tomes of Mr. Eaton. "It would be seemlier for one of us alone to face whatever curious scene may be revealed."







(continued)

A boisterous crash. The door fell open, and Mr. Eaton entered alone, while the others waited without, in supercilious silence. A moment later he reappeared, a green smile on his hideous face. "The rest of this elegant mystery is solved?" he whispered in devastating accents; "I have learned the whole respectable story. Come away and I shall tell you."

When they were assembled before the dying embers of the puctilious fire in the melancholy reception room, he told the exacting tale, interrupted only by uncertain sighs from some pink listener.

For five vicarious weeks, it seems, Herby had been trying to take a hopeless bath in one of the antagonistic tubs, but always some squinting person was there ahead of him. What made it worse, Herby had said, they were always singing in egotistical voices. At last, three days ago, he got in. He filled the pretty tub to overflowing. O, the emotional luxury of it! He sang softly every supercilious song he knew. "and when I found him, concluded the sloppy Mr. Eaton, he was softly crooning, and hadn't the most contemptuous idea that he had been there for three disgusting days.

There were few dry eyes at the end of this repentant revelation. O how grand, cried they all; how perfectly ravaging! "

\* \* \* \* \*

\*\*\* TO A BREAD LOAF BATHROOM \*\*\*

Oh, room divine!  
Besought from dawn to night,  
How can we fare thee well?  
~~The~~  
The poignant hours we mutely eyed thy portal  
As to such common dust as us  
Till some chosen Eve emerged empured, enobled  
By the cleansing magic of thy tub and sink.  
Oh room divine!  
We choke, we sputter;- we cannot fare thee well!

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

Long stayed the sculptor, breathless at the prow,  
 With sunshine on his hands, and wind, and spray.  
 He knew the rhythm of sea-darkened oars  
 And felt with sandaled feet the vessel's sway.

He saw where tiny ripples creased a wave,  
 And watched a lovely billow like a breast  
 Round to the gleaming ship and sigh away,  
 As though a goddess fled its swirling crest.

Then from his body, huge flat feathered wings  
 Born of swift motion seemed to rise and lean  
 On wind and blowing spume, their measured weight  
 Shining in true proportion though unseen

His was the exultation of the ship,  
 As foam-wet air dashed at his upturned face,  
 Till leapt from his strong manhood's ecstasy  
 The flawless figurehead of Samothrace.

Alice Phinney



## SONNET

You chose for talisman the loaf of bread  
 And I the lovely hyacinth's blue flower.  
 And now you are so sleek and so well fed  
 Upon the heady wine of earthly power  
 You cannot see that I have truly bled  
 For hyacinths torn by a sudden shower;  
 You can not know my hunger after bread  
 Nor can you feel the torture of this hour.  
 Alas, I know more certainly my doom.  
 But if you mock me with success or gain,  
 Or pity me, it would be well I drew  
 Myself into myself once more, lest you  
 Should find my wound and cause me added pain;  
 Lest you should break the pride of my pale bloom.

Margaret E. Deal

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## SUN RIBBONS

He tosses lovely ribbons  
 At every atom child.  
 I saw him in the west  
 Flinging his nonnons wild:

In coral, mauve, and blue  
 An opaline they came,  
 In streams of amethyst  
 And whirling balls of flame.

And when he turned to go,  
 His banners floating high,  
 I heard him shout with glee  
 And then descend the sky;

And as a little boy  
 Winds up his errant kite,  
 He caught each glittering toy  
 And drew them out of sight.

Annarah Stewart

\* \* \* \* \*  
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## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Edditor

I hav wrote a novvel all about luv, but  
but the pubblishhors say my stile is two  
arriginal. Do you think Bred Lofo culd  
help me?

Sinsoreleo,

Floribunda Murgatroyd



Relpy by the Editor: We should think that  
Broad Loaf was exactly the place for you.

\*\*\*

Honored Dean:

I hear that you are to be Den of the Bread Loaf School  
this summer. That is nice. I am a Chinese schoolboy at  
Harvard Univ. I wish to writopooms, essays, novels, plays, art-  
icles, editorials, and toothpaste ads. My revered parent has s  
stopped my allowance, Can I attend the Conference? And How?  
And How Much?

Yours with profound respectfillability

Ching Chang

Relpy by the Editor: First get your allowance started again.  
We could certainly teach you write ads.

\*\*\*

Editor dear,---

My dearest friend tells me that I am a dear little  
poetic Blossom. I am always writing little verses about sweet  
peas, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, and other dear little things.  
I just cant help it,--I'm so sensitive. There's something about  
a sweet potatoe, dont you think? Ah, if we all could but see the  
soul of sweetness in humble things! I do so love to hear the dear  
little birds, dont you? But I havnt told you why I m writing.  
The reason is that I'm so sensitive that I cant bear to have my  
little things criticised. I know I oughtny to be so sensitive,  
but I just am. You see, life is so sweet to me that I just ~~have~~  
have to put it down in all its sweetness, and when any one says  
that my dear little verses are only Blah, I just have to go off  
and weep all by my own poor little self. I have heard that the  
Bread Loaf teachers are all sweet, and I am hoping they will be  
kind to poor little me. Do you think they will?

Your own sensitive little

Pansy Twitchom

(Ed. note) This letter was actually received at Bread Loaf)

Relpy by the Editor: You should take something for that sweet-  
ness. We recommend the juice of two lemons before breakfast  
and two sour pickles at bed-times. As for the Bread Loaf teach-  
ers, you have been misinformed. They are all "BRUTAL". You  
should see them eat sweet corn andsweet potatoes! Several  
students every summer go off in the woods and drink prussic acid  
and after a personal conference with one of them, We keep this  
quiet and bury them in the Gully, where they will never be found  
Usually they have written a poemabout something sweet. Altogeth-  
er, we are sorry to say that we think you would be happier in a  
molasses distillery or a candy store.

\* \* \* \* \*

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EDITOR'S NOTE - We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Miss  
Elizabeth Paige who so kindly consented to illustrate this  
find issue of the Crust. The editors are very grateful for her  
co-operation, especiall under the difficulty of drawing upon  
stencils. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate her  
upon her excellent work.